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# SWEDISH EROTICA

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A FILM REVIEW MAGAZINE



ALL NEW FILMS!

**A**lthough we never publish them, a great many letters are received from readers commenting on our magazines and suggesting what they'd like to see in the future. As expected, a few more men than women write to us, but the disparity is really not that great. There is a vast difference, however, in what the different genders ask for.

"More cocksucking," the men invariably demand and there are unexpectedly many requests for "juicier chicks with more meat on their bones." (Personally, we prefer them lean and lanky.) Always and forever they ask for bigger tits.

The ladies, bless them, have other requirements. They protest that there's too much cocksucking and not

nearly enough scenes showing the stud tenderly eating the gal's pussy. The requests for such box lunch shots from the gentler gender is truly amazing in quantity — which should tell the gents in the reading audience how their ladies would like to be treated.

As for what sort of male pulchritude turns the women on, it isn't necessarily the largest cock! But they do want that cock to be fully hard and hanging beneath it a huge pair of balls. They also like to see muscular asses, probably to better drive that hard cock home. Lately, too, they like their studs young and bearded — and very often black.

Maybe some day we will print a batch of those letters. That issue will be an eye opener. ●

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FILM #252: LOVE TUB



FILM #332: THREE'S COMPANY



FILM #343: HOT SALE

**h**e didn't even know who she would be and it didn't much matter. It was part of his public relations and his agent attended to the bookings, with the sole guarantee that the broad would be at least good looking and that she knew what to expect. That last part, "knowing what to expect," didn't always work just because they knew they were going to be fucked by John Holmes. Everyone in the world, it seemed, had heard of his fabulous cock, but there were few women who were fully prepared for the reality. It's one thing to know that a stud is heavy hung, but



**FILM # 252:  
LOVE TUB**

just another to have that monstrous mescaline thrill of driving into your mate like a pile driver. Some of the gals had even fainted when Jim's cock reared its ugly head and buried at them. (His cork didn't really hiss, but it certainly looked threatening to a few lucky ladies.)

The idea of the publicity gimmick had been that once a week some lucky lady, her name selected by a random drawing, would get to spend an afternoon in the sack with big John Holmes and his trusty cock. That cock would do to her whatever she wished — under John's expert direction. The system was good publicity, kept John's name in the news. (Not the news as in daily newspaper, but the news which circulates)





through the jet set and the groupies who followed the famous.) John's cock was available to any lass, if she had the luck of the draw. A night to remember for the rest of her life, to cherish as long as memory endured.

So John knew that some lucky lady was waiting in his bed and he prepared for her as graciously as he could. First a relaxing plunge in a tub full of steaming water to open the pores and relax the muscles. John had a duty to perform and some of those muscles might be getting a real workout, especially if the lady demonstrated any talent of her own. There had even been occasions when the winner of the week was invited back for a second performance. Of course, for that to happen she had to be a very superior breed of woman indeed. John wouldn't fuck just any broad more than once.





This one made even John pause for a moment as he entered the bedroom. Her body was slim but ripe, all soft curves with nothing out of proportion. Her hips were broad enough and smoothly fleshed, her tits just eating size. Her skin was like a baby's, almost, soft and glowing with health, covered with a delicate sheen of anticipatory sweat.

And her face was like an angel's, total innocence and total purity smiled sweetly up at him from the pillows — except for the devilish way she licked her lips and the hint of a smile. The way her eyes seemed to mock him, to defy his reputation. He might be the great John Holmes, mighty cocksman, she seemed to be thinking, but she was woman. Let him prepare for the encounter of his life.

It truly amazed John, how much of his cock that dainty mouth could encompass. He'd have sworn that she'd have time just getting the head of it past her lips, but there were several inches of thick shaft inside her mouth as well before she ceased just taking him in and began her real work.

Her head did not move at first, but her tongue did. An observer might have seen nothing, but inside her mouth, hidden from view, her tongue was actively working. Like a snake it slithered around his shaft, up and down, flickered over the tiny opening he pissed and came through so that he shuddered at each flick. He wanted to pull his cock away, so intense did the sensations become for a moment, but her teeth now gripped him and held his cock in place. When she decided it could move, then he could move it. Until that time his cock was







her toy to do with as she pleased. Not that her teeth broke the skin or were even painful. They were just there. John Holmes could make of that what he would.

When she was ready, her head did begin to move and, amazingly, even more of his

cock disappeared into her mouth. He'd never been sucked this deep before and if she kept it up he might soon be fucking her in the cunt, but from the inside. He'd had deep blowjobs before, lots of them, but this was something else entirely.





When he finally shot his load the situation had been out of his control for some time and Big John Holmes was just another stud at the mercy of a sexually demanding woman.

John was feeling his potency threatened, but soon the situation would be reversed and he would have the slut at his mercy. He was going to fuck her. He was going to plug his mighty war engine into her most tender pussy and he was going to keep it there, plunging mercilessly, until she either passed out from too many orgasms or cried for mercy and respite. He was going to fuck her right into the ground.





Her legs seemed to envelope him like the tentacles of an octopus as his cock sank into her snatch. She drew him closer and tighter as her flesh closed around him and her hips began to beat up and down in synchronization with his own. She was matching him beat for beat, stroke for stroke. There was not a vestige of consciousness left on her face as the orgasms took her, but her woman's body was in instinctive control and she was outfucking the master.

Semiconscious, Big John Holmes lay there with a silly grin on his face while the lady dressed and smiled and went her way. Maybe, she thought, she'd invite him for a second round. ●







# FILM # 332: THREE'S COMPANY



**W**omen love to brag about their sex lives much more than men do. They are constantly regaling each other with detailed accounts of each petty date, each major assignation. Almost as soon as a stud fucks one gal in a group the rest of them know the dimensions of his cock and the quality of his tongue work. There was nothing remarkable, therefore, about Pam sitting down with Candy in her apartment and relating every exquisite detail of her date with John the night before. She left nothing to Candy's imagination, including the precise way she'd nibbled on his cock and the number of times

he'd come. It was no wonder, therefore, that the two gals became sexually aroused.

When no man is available, some women turn to other women to provide the necessary solace. Pam and Candy had done so on several occasions before when their needs were acute and soon their hands were busily exploring as they continued the discussion. Next their tongues became involved, which severely limited their conversation about John; which didn't matter, as with their tongues greedily lapping at each other's clits all thoughts of John had fled from their minds. He may have been a great stud, but he wasn't *there*.





That was how John found them when he arrived unexpectedly. Pam had given him a key the night before and with Candy's tongue in her pussy clean forgotten that he might get there while they were loving each other.

After the first shock of surprise at what the gals were doing John realized that a delightful opportunity had presented itself. If he could persuade Pam to remove her mouth from Candy's cunt for a while he might just slide his cock in where she had been feeding.







The gals actually didn't realize that John was there until he had already stripped completely and joined them on the bed. But Candy suddenly realized that four hands were stroking her, not

two. Pain suddenly realized that something strongly resembling a cock was trying to muzzle its way between her tongue and Candy's clit. A strangely familiar cock. There was a brief pang of

fear as she recognized him, of loss as she realized that he wanted Candy's pussy. But Candy's tongue was still deep between her thighs and Candy was, after all, more important to her in the long





run than any man could possibly be. Men would come and men would go but she and Candy would go on forever

At that moment Candy took the initiative, easing herself upright and straddling John, riding him so that his cock was deep inside her and she controlling the speed of their fucking. She leaned forward and fastened her mouth once again to Pam's cunt, licking as John's lovely cock rode up and down inside her. It had been a long time since she'd enjoyed a good three-way fuck and the first time she and Pam had shared a man.





John felt very masculine to her. Yes, she and Pam were really going to enjoy this stud.

As for John, he was having the time of his life. Through the excitement generated by having two such lovely broads as these he would be able, he knew, to go on for hours. Before this day was over he would have thoroughly fucked them both while enjoying the sight of them going down on each other. And maybe they'd be willing to go down on him! He'd never had two gals working on his cock with their tongues at the same





Hope, though he doesn't think he's a born cheetah. This was known to be an all-out drag, or at least a match of energy as two girls and one boy would generate. Now Candy had stopped waiting

Patricia, who was sitting Candy's knee while her hands were resting them with a smile, was in Candy's ear. "I'm not going to juice, cock juice, especially would be most awful," she said. ●









## FILM # 343: HOT SALE

**J**ill was having a terrible time with her conscience. Her new boyfriend, Ralph, was a sweet guy and he really had a lovely way with cock and tongue, but she still had and always would have

the female equivalent of a hardon for Jack. Especially after what she'd heard about him from some of her lady friends. Jack was supposed to be an absolute artist at giving it to a woman up the ass and that was something she considered a special treat. It



was also something that Ralph absolutely refused to do, no matter how hard she begged him. It wasn't that he had anything against ass fucking — so long as other people did it. It was just that he wouldn't risk his own personal cock in that sort of endeavor. If she really wanted to get fucked in the ass, he told her, she'd have to get some other stud to do the honors.









"Really?" she asked. "You honestly wouldn't mind if an other man-fucked me in the ass?"

"What the hell?" he told her. "I never use that part of you myself, so why not go ahead and do it?"

"Once if you agree to be there, too. I wouldn't want you to think that I'd betrayed you by fucking another man while you weren't around."

The more Ralph thought about it the more eager the whole trip sounded. A good bang. He'd never been to see me. And what the hell? It wasn't as though I am *still* married or something.

And so it happened that I phoned Jack, told him about the policy Ralph was interested in (Jack sold insurance for a living), suggested that we arrive at a certain time.



The door would be open, she said. He was to walk right in.

Ralph was naked and flat on his back with his cock deep in Jill's throat at the time Jack was supposed to arrive. Jill gave good head and he was loving every minute of it. He was also wondering how Jill would behave when Jack joined them. Would it be a special treat for him, too?

Ralph needn't have worried. When Jack entered the room and saw that lovely female ass facing him he never hesitated. She was sucking off some other stud, probably that Ralph character

she'd mentioned, but what of that? Her ass was ready and waiting and his cock was hard and fully charged. He spat on his cock head to moisten it for entrance, leveled it at the wailing target and eased it home to the hilt.

Jill shuddered, convulsed and came immediately. It took immense effort not to bite the head off Ralph's cock as the first orgasm rocked her. Ralph sensed her excitement and he, too, erupted. Jack came, filling her bowels with cum.

And before he left, Jack sold each of them a \$10,000.00 life insurance policy. •



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## HAVE A TASTE.

ON SALE NOW.

FROM THE PUBLISHER OF  
**SWEDISH EROTICA**  
MAGAZINES AND BOOKS



## SEXY SEKA

IN THE NEXT ISSUE:

- ▲ FILM #255: THE VISITOR
- ◀ FILM #280: GREEN WITH ENVY
- ▼ FILM #219: AUNT PEG STRIKES AGAIN

LOOK FOR IT ON THE STANDS SOON!

## AUNT PEG

